

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 28th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:

For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 and 7.55 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.10 and 3.57 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 1.57 and 7.55 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.40 p. m.
For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.
The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and 7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.
The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 2.00 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:
For New York, at 5.20 a. m. 5.30 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.30 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m. 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, at 6.15, 9.15 a. m. and 2.45 p. m.
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 6.05 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.30, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.35 and 9.00 p. m.
The 2.30, 5.30 train from Allentown and the 4.40 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.00 p. m.
Via Morris and Essex Rail Road.
J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.

Mifflintown Exp. 7.15 a. m., daily except Sunday.
Johnstown Exp. 12.32 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mail 3.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Exp. 10.02 p. m., flag, daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.05 a. m., daily.
Mail 2.35 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Exp. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Pittsburgh Exp. 11.57 p. m., (flag)—daily, except Sunday.
Pacific Exp. 5.10 a. m., daily (flag).
Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 15 minutes faster than Allentown time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.

J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

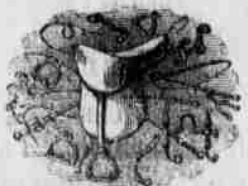
EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Exp. daily except Sunday at 7.55 a. m.
Johnstown Exp. 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 p. m., daily except Sunday (flag).
Atlantic Exp. 10.29 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.35 a. m., daily except Sunday.
Mail, 2.04 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Exp. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.
Pittsburgh Exp. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.
WM. C. KING, Agent.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

Saddlery Shop

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture

HARNESS OF ALL KINDS,

Saddles, Bridles, Collars,

and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices.

HIDES taken in exchange for work.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.

Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

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is the most beautiful work in the world. It contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of fine illustrations, and six Chromo Plates of Flower beautifully drawn and colored from nature. Price 50 cents in paper covers, \$1.00 in elegant cloth. Printed in German and English.

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REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his

Leather and Harness Store

from Front to High Street, near the Pen's,

Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

REDUCED PRICES.

Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good

workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash

prices, I fear no competition.

Market prices paid in cash for Hides and

skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a

continuance of the same.

P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made

a specialty.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.

Duncannon, July 19, 1876—11

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated,

and containing an elegant, colored Flower Plate

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year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in Ger-

man and English.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, is paper

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Enigma Department.

The answer must accompany all articles sent for publication in this department.

Answer to cross-word enigma in last week's Times: Harry Soule.

BADLY SOLD.

AN OFFICE SEEKER, traveling in Texas, on an electioneering trip, tells a bit of his experience as follows:

"Well, I put up with a first-rate good natured fellow that I met at a billiard table. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman—looked as though she lived on lard, her face was so full of fun. After awhile, in comes three or four children laughin' and skipping as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I started for my saddle-bags, in which I put a lot of sugar candy for the children as I went along.

"Come here," said I, "you little rogue, and tell me what your name is."

The oldest one came to me and said:

"My name's Peter Smith."

"And what's your name?"

"Bob Smith."

The next said his name was Bill Smith and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar candy, and Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much.

"Why," says I, "Mrs. Smith, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em; they are so beautiful and sprightly."

"No," said she, laughin', "I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much."

"No, no," says I, "they're real well behaved children, and by gracious,"

says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, I looked at Mr. Smith.—

"I never did see anything equal to it,"

says I, "your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect picture of hair, sir,"

tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought

Mrs. Smith would have died a laughin' at that, her arms fell down at her side, and

she shook the whole house, she was so well pleased.

"Do you think so, Col. Jones," said she, looking towards Mr. Smith, and I

thought she'd go off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I do really."

"Ha, ha, haw!" says Mr. Smith, kind

o' half laughin', "you're too hard on me

now, with your jokes."

"I ain't joking at all," says I, "they

are handsome children, and do look

wonderfully like you."

Just then a gal brought a light in and

I'll be darned if the little brats didn't

turn out to be niggers—every one of

them! and their hair was as curly as the

blackest nigger's! Mr. and Mrs. Smith

never had any children, and they sort of

petted them niggers as playthings.

I never felt as streaked as I did when

I found out how things stood. If I

hadn't kissed the nasty things I could

have got over it; but kissin' 'em showed

that I was in earnest. Though I was

soft soapin' 'em all the while, how to

get over the scrape I didn't know. Mrs.

Smith laughed so hard when she saw

how confused I was that she almost suf-

focated.

A little while afterwards, there was a

whole family of relations arrived from

the city, and turned the matter off; but

the next morning I could see that Mr.

Smith did not like the remembrance of

what I said, and I don't believe he'll

vote for me when election come. I

spect Mrs. Smith kept the old fellow

under the joke for some time.

A DUTCHMAN IN TROUBLE.

THERE is a grocer up on Varriek street, whose weight is an even 200

pounds, and he can speak German a great deal better than he can talk English.

Across the street lives a boy who some time since traded off a pair of skates for an old pistol. He was around the grocery with it one day, when the

fat man said:

"Now, my zon, you can't be so much careful of dot bistol. Some day she will go off and shoot somebody."

"Oh, I'm used to swords and guns and pistols," replied the boy flourishing the pistol around.

"Vell, you shust look oudt, or I am no goot," continued the grocer, and he went to put up some sugar.

Next day the boy was around there again, the pistol being loaded this time. He was pointing it at the grocer's dog, when the fat man came to the door and said:

"Poy, what I tole you, yesterday?"

"You said this pistol would go off some day."

"Yes, I said shust dose words, and now you look oudt. Somebody can never tell when anypody's bistol is going to shoot off and murder anypody."

"She's only loaded with powder and wheat," protested the boy.

"Dot makes no difference in the world. Nopody around here wants to be shot mit wheat, and you had petter go home and put dot bistol down in der cellar on a nail."

Next day the boy went over to the grocery after some vegetables. There was another boy there after milk, and the two fell to talking about the American rifle team, bull's eyes, pigeon shots, etc. The boy with the pistol had made some wonderful shots in the back yard, and had just loaded the pistol up with beans to kill a cat.

"She's just ole lightnin'!" he whispered, as he displayed it. "What I want now is to meet a bear or an In-jin."

"Dot bistol ofer here again eh?" called the grocer, as he caught sight of it. Somebody shall get hurt mit dot small gun, and somebody else vill got put in shall for ten years!"

He was reaching up for some baking powder when the boy somehow discharged the weapon. A wild yell was uttered by the boy with the milk, as a part of the load struck his left hand, but the fat man just threw himself on a Centennial howl. He stood up and howled, and he bent over and howled, and there was a locomotive screech in his voice as he addressed the boy with the pistol.

"Vot I tole you so much, eh!"

"You said she'd go off," replied the trembling lad.

"How many peans in dose gun?" asked the grocer, as he ceased groaning for a few minutes.

"Only eighteen, and I'm very sorry sir."

"Shot eighteen peans into my pody!" groaned the fat man, wiping his legs with an old coffee sack.

The boy with the milk had traveled and the other boy was going, when the grocer called after him:

"Poy, what kind of peans vash dose?"

"I dunno. Shall I get the doctor?"

"Yes, go right away queek, for some doctors. I can feel dose beans working all around my legs, unt I pelief dey have commenced to sprout! Crate Heavens! but did I come over to dis country to become a peanbole!"

A surgeon came, and it was discovered that one or two of the beans had drawn blood, while the largest part of the charge had struck a barrel.

"I can't help dot," replied the grocer when told that his injuries were trifling. "der principles off dot bistol is about der same as if I vvas in my graif!"

The boy who owned the weapon skulked around until he heard what the surgeon had to say, and he was greatly relieved.

"Looked like ten years at Sing Sing," he mused, "but now I won't even get licked! If this old pistol made him howl that way with nothing but beans how she'd go for a den of robbers with old nails and buckshot in her!"

The Latest Practical Joke.

THE deacon of a church in a certain town in Barnstable county came to Boston recently, in order to attend the revival services at the Moody and Sankey tabernacle. Upon his arrival in the city some of his mischievous friends conceived the idea of playing a practical joke on him as he was rather 'green' and matter-of-fact in his ways. They told him that they would take him with them to the tabernacle, as they had procured reserved seats for an evening service, and he was of course very well satisfied with the arrangement. Instead of procuring tickets for the tabernacle, the wags bought a choice selection of seats for the Howard Athenaeum; on the appointed evening the deacon, whose knowledge of Boston was slight, was escorted to that place of amusement.

As they entered the building the deacon was shown all the points of interest in the structure, and was assured that it had been leased especially for the revival services. They took their seats and in due time the orchestra struck up a lively march. As the visitor expressed some amazement at the worldly character of the music, he was told that it was "Old Hundred," with variations as arranged by Mr. Sankey. When the curtain rose a "Dutch song and dance man" made his appearance in a red shirt, and delivered himself of a pronunciation regarding his boarding house. The deacon was informed that this personage was Moody, and for a moment he believed it, but as the performance progressed the truth began to dawn upon him, and his friends finally made a clean breast of it, and told him where he was. The explanation was accepted with good grace, and the party remained throughout the performance and enjoyed it hugely. The next day they all went to the Tabernacle. The facts as stated above are entirely without exaggeration, and may be depended upon as entirely true.—Boston Globe.

One Honest Tramp Discovered.

The Hudson Register says: "As a proof that the tramp is not always the soulless creature he is generally credited with being, we note an incident to his credit which recently happened. One of these way-farers called at the house of a citizen and begged a pair of pants with which to cover his nakedness, and received them with gratitude. Some time after his departure he returned, saying that in the fob pocket he had found a gold ring, inscribed with initials, which he thought might at least be valuable from association, and he had therefore found his way back to restore it. The ring had been missed some months and was gladly received by the rightful owner. Score one for the tramp."

A Sad Case.

EMIL SCHWERTDFEGER, one of the most brilliant and promising young men of the pre-senior class at Cornell university, committed suicide at Ithaca by shooting himself in the head with a small pocket pistol. Some of the circumstances attending the act were particularly sad and deplorable.—The young man returned from the intercollegiate literary contest in New York some weeks ago, having secured the \$300 prize for the best examination in Latin, but with his health broken down by the hard labor of preparation. He subsequently became so unwell that finally he was obliged to give up his place in his class, and this, coupled with impaired eye-sight, seems to have led to the fatal act. Soon after retiring last Sunday night some members of the family of Prof. Harris, with whom Mr. Schwertdfefer lived, heard the report of a pistol in his room, and on going there he was found sitting lifeless in a chair by his table, with the pistol in his hand. On the table beside him was a kind of informal will freshly written in which he explained the cause of the suicide as "constant sickness, and the conviction that he would never be any better in this world." He disposed of his personal property to his various university friends and to Dr. Rodrigue of New York city, who was sending him the university. During his freshman year Mr. Schwertdfefer received the prize offered by the London Philological society for the best essay on the English Verb, and he has been regarded as a prodigy in the university community for his linguistic talents.

A Slight Scare.

A woman living on York street accidentally filled the sugar bowl with salt one morning recently, and in about ten minutes every mouth of that family was praying and crying, and drinking warm water and mustard, and trying to remember consoling passages of Scripture, while one of the neighbors was rushing madly down town after a doctor, and another went after the constable, while the third held the terrified "hired girl" in a closet till the constable should come. Thought she had poisoned them. And it came to pass that the doctor came with his stomach-pump and things, and cleaned two of the family out before he examined the coffee, and when he had tasted of it, he smiled, and thrust his fingers into the sugar bowl, and when he had tasted of the salt that was therein, he lifted up his voice and laughed them to scorn, and mocked at their misery, and said, "Ha! ha!" and went his way, both he and the constable.

And behold the hired girl was wrathful, and refused to be comforted, and she girt up her loins, and got up and lit out, nor hath any man seen her to this day, nor knoweth any man where she put the silver spoons, nor a new shawl, nor the master's sleeve buttons.—Dillsbury Bulletin.

No Wonder They Failed.

Before the Insurance Committee of the New York House of Representatives last week, a sworn statement of salaries and expenditures of the Mutual Life Insurance Company for the year 1876 was read. During the year the following expenses were paid for salaries: The President, \$30,000; Vice President, \$18,000; Second Vice President, \$12,400; Secretary, \$8,000; Assistant Secretary, \$5,100; First Assistant Actuary, \$7,200; Second Assistant Actuary, \$4,500; two Medical Examiners, \$9,600 each; Solicitor, Attorney and Counsel, \$14,400; 110 clerks, &c., \$191,463.61; fees for medical examinations in different parts of the country for the year, \$3,855,931; amount paid attorneys throughout the country for the year, \$17,715.

Water for Dogs.

A writer in an English newspaper says that the great neglect in not providing water for dogs to drink no doubt is the cause of frequent hydrophobia. They do not throw off their heart by perspiration like many other animals, but from panting and throwing out the tongue. He says there are many dogs kept in Portugal, and there are not many instances of hydrophobia, although the climate is much hotter than ours. It is there understood to be a municipal regulation to cause troughs or vessels to be provided near each house containing a supply of water. There would be little fear of dogs going mad were they regularly supplied with water, unless bit by some other animal.

SUNDAY READING.

For The Times.

CAIN'S WIFE.

Mr. Editor. Dear Sir:—In your paper of the 6th of March you give an account of a portion of a sermon preached by a Rev. Mr. McCarty, of New York, on the subject—"Who was Cain's wife?" I would beg leave to differ with the Reverend gentleman for the following reasons: First, he says Cain had no sister. Tradition says he had a twin sister and so had Abel. The Bible says Adam had sons and daughters, born unto himself, and that he begat sons and daughters—see Genesis 5—4. And again St. Jude says that Enoch the 7th from Adam prophesied. Now St. Jude says that Enoch was the 7th from Adam, how could this be if tradition is not correct? We must therefore conclude that Adam was No. 1; Eve, No. 2; Cain, 3; his sister No. 4; Abel, No. 5; his sister No. 6, and Enoch, Cain's first son, No. 7.—In no other way would the writings of Moses, St. Jude and tradition agree. The Reverend gentleman also places the building of the city before the getting of a wife. This is also a mistake. The city when founded was named after his first son. Again he thinks that there was a tribe of people there that possessed the land of Nod before Cain, and helped to build the city. I would refer the gentleman to that great work by Prof. Hamilton, of Mobile, Alabama, called "The Friend of Moses," where he proves that at the time of building this city there were many thousands of the descendants of Adam and Eve and Cain in that country. The Rev. gentleman seems to intimate that, that city was built as soon as Cain got into that land, this is undoubtedly a mistake.

H.

"BEWARE OF MEN."

A STRANGE CAUTION THIS; and yet not needless. A humiliating truth it is, that there is a necessity for our being on our guard against our fellow men, our brethren of the human family,—those who ought ever to be ready to befriend us. What volumes do these words speak to our shame? So depraved, so sinful, so devilish even has man become, that his brother man must beware of him. He must even be vigilant, lest he be wronged by him in some way and by some means.